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MONDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1911.

EVERYBODY AT THE FAIR.

The State Fair will open to-day and will continue through the whole of the present week. It will be the biggest and best that has ever been given. Thousands of visitors from all parts of Virginia and from many other States will be here to rejoice with the builders of our prosperity as a Commonwealth in this annual harvest home. There will be horses and mules, all raised on the sacred soil of this great State; corn and potatoes and peanuts, and all the things that men eat, in lavish abundance to show what intelligent farming will do to make the land yield its increase; modern machinery made in our factories for fashioning the clothes that we wear, the vehicles in which we run about from place to place, implements of husbandry for the tickling of our ancestral acres to feats in production nowhere equalled in all this Southern land of promise; dainty fabrics made by the deft fingers of the glorious women of Virginia; something of everything that makes life worth living and death a sore distress to all who live here and who would gladly live here forever. Then there will be racing that will make even the most sluggish blood leap through the veins, and games and shows of all sorts, except the wicked sorts, to entertain the visitors and make us all glad that we live and move and have our being in the Old Dominion, where every prospect pleases and nobody is vile except those who think evil and who keep themselves down in the lowgrounds, while their neighbors are climbing up to heights of greater glory and clean living.

Everybody ought to go to the Fair every day, for the encouragement of the strong men who are trying to make it thoroughly representative of the material greatness of this Commonwealth, who deserve the approval of their fellow-citizens, who are sacrificing their time and labor to the enterprise with which they have been entrusted, and who are making year after year the best possible use of the industry of our people.

TOO MUCH GHOST DANCING.

"There is nothing the matter with the country save political ghost dancing," said James J. Hill, the builder of the Great Northern Railroad, the other day. "There is plenty of money in banks, and it only awaits complete resumption of confidence before we shall have a period of prosperity never before excelled." That seems to be a safe and sane deliverance; but how can there be a "complete resumption of confidence" when from every convenient stump in the country the President is preaching the prosecution of the trusts and encouraging the view that there is really something terribly wrong with the business conditions, which can only be reached by criminal process? He has not put it exactly in this way; but this is the interpretation which the plain people will place upon his utterances—such utterances as these from his speech at Pocatello, Idaho: "The prosecutions must go on. It is not for the Executive to say he can withhold criminal prosecutions, or any kind of prosecutions, just to help business. Business must reform itself, and those Executive duties must be performed under the oath of office that I took and under the oath that those under me took," etc., etc.

Of course, that is all true; everybody knows that it is true; but why this everlasting playing on this one string, this constant adding to the fuel with which the fires of popular misunderstanding and popular discontent have been kept blazing? Of course, the law must be enforced, of course, the Courts will do their duty; of course, unlawful combinations cannot hope to escape their responsibilities; of course, the trusts must set their houses in order; but why talk about it so much? Why not go along and do it, without so much palavering about the good intentions of the Administration and the wish of the President to see that the laws are executed in justice and equity? What the business interests of the country require is that the political ghost dancing shall cease, and the most direct and certain way to reach this end is for the ghost dancers to stop dancing.

Mr. Taft said in his speech at Pocatello: "I believe we are going on to a greater future," and so do we; but we are not going to reach that happy estate by continuing the dominant party in power. "We must get back to competition as an element in this country," said Mr. Taft, and we also agree with him upon this point, but it must not be forgotten that the element of competition for which he pleads was destroyed by the political party for which he stands. It is said that the hair of the dog is good for its bite; but it could hardly be expected that the mother of trusts, the same being Mr. Taft's political party, would be willing, miserable old wench that she is, to destroy any of her iniquitous progeny. Having destroyed competition as an element in the business life of the country, it could hardly be expected that the political party which achieved this result should restore what it has destroyed. A little bit of common sense, a little less ghost dancing among the Democrats, and a sight of very hard work would put an entirely different face on the political situation and on the business situation as well.

PINCHOT AND TAFT.

Gifford Pinchot has written his views to The Saturday Evening Post about the political situation and what course the Republican party should take. He thinks that Mr. Taft cannot be re-elected, and that for this reason he should not be renominated. No better reason really could be given for his renomination, looking at the matter from a wholly disinterested point of view; but the fact is Mr. Taft will be renominated. If he cannot be elected, no Republican could be elected, and there would be the satisfaction in his defeat of knowing that we had beaten a man of our own size. If he should be elected, there would be the satisfaction at least of knowing that a gentleman had been put back in the White House. We suppose that Pinchot is for La Follette; it would be just like him to pick up a candidate of La Follette's size and disposition, a querulous, vain, uncertain, mischief-making politician, who has given absolutely no sign of statesmanlike qualities in his service at Washington, whose genius is destructive, whose purposes are selfish, whose vision is narrow, whose sentiments are sectional.

We do not think that Pinchot will be able to defeat the renomination of Mr. Taft. Pinchot may not know it, but it is true that the public has taken Pinchot's measure, and is not disposed to accept his judgment on any question of conservation. His last criticism of the President in the Alaskan business punched a hole in Pinchot's reputation. Secretary Fisher, it will be recollected, went out to the Controller Bay country to see for himself what it looked like, and found that Pinchot had misrepresented the conditions entirely, and his report was sufficient to silence Pinchot, we should think, for all time.

Pinchot does not like Mr. Taft. He hasn't liked him since Mr. Taft accepted his resignation as Chief Forester, and will never forgive him for doing one of the best things he has done in this way since he became President. But Pinchot is not to be reckoned with either as to the nomination or election of President. Mr. Taft will be renominated and the thing for the Democrats to do is to put up a candidate who can beat him. Almost any Democrat who is not given to strange doctrines, who has held to the old ways and the old principles, who has not gone off into the wilderness after false lights, who is capable, who is faithful to the Constitution, nominated on a platform of "A Tariff for Revenue Only" can do the work, and if the Democrats are to win they can win only in this sign. We need not worry about the trusts—the Republicans made them and are now trying hard to destroy them. We need not bother about the States and their rights—they are secure with the Supreme Court organized as it is. We have in the tariff—A Tariff for Revenue Only—an issue upon which we can go with confidence to the country.

THE SOIL FERTILITY MOVEMENT.

The National Soil Fertility League, with headquarters in Chicago, is distributing a circular requesting public co-operation in its efforts to secure the general application of scientific methods of agriculture.

The League has a definite plan of action. It wishes to see an experiment station in every county in the United States with an expert demonstrator in charge. There are some three thousand counties in this republic, and the salary of an expert demonstrator is calculated to be $3,000 the year. This would cost $9,000,000 the year, but the League is of opinion that the results would be more than worth the money. The demonstration plan, it says, has been applied in many isolated cases, and has, as a rule, practically doubled the crop yield.

The League wishes the people to unite and urge Congress to appropriate one million dollars to begin with, and have it increased automatically at the rate of $500,000 the year until a maximum of $5,000,000 shall have been reached. The money in this way appropriated is to be distributed pro rata among the State agricultural colleges on some equitable basis. The money is to be used only for agricultural extension work. Incidentally, the League wants the States to help with appropriations supplementary to the aid from the Federal Government. Of the necessity of field demonstrations, the circular declares:

"It has been thoroughly demonstrated that the sending out of bulletins or men to lecture at farmers' gatherings does not meet the requirements. As a rule, these bulletins and addresses are too technical for general comprehension. In order to apply the same in practice successfully, the local conditions of the farm must be considered and the methods adopted to meet them. Hence, it is the consensus of opinion of those who are familiar with the subject that the most practical way to get the new knowledge into use and benefit both the farmer and the public by increasing the food supply is to send into every agricultural county in the land and maintain there a capable agriculturist with a college training—a soil expert, if you please—to help the farmers apply the new knowledge to their farms. It will take money to do this, but it will repay a thousandfold. It is a big proposition, and must be handled in a big way."

The National Soil Fertility League counts in its membership some of the most prominent men of the nation. Its advisory committee embraces the names of President Taft, James J. Hill, William J. Bryan, Champ Clark, Franklin MacVeagh, B. F. Yoakum, Samuel Gompers, J. M. Studebaker, Henry Wallace, F. D. Coburn, William George, Alvin H Sanders, Samuel W. Allerton, W. D. Hoard and Edmund J. James. The programme of the League is large, but it seems to be about the only way of effecting any general increase in production. "In bygone days a good deal was heard about overproduction," says the Louisville Courier-Journal; "that word has disappeared from the agricultural vocabulary, and the country is getting alarmed at the early possibility of underproduction." It is calculated that within five years the United States will be consuming substantially all the wheat it is producing. Under scientific farming it is possible to double the wheat yield per acre, and the same thing applies to other staple products of the farm.

THE THEFT OF PANAMA.

"The Colonel" admits that he "took" Panama, and insists, of course, that he did the wisest and best thing that could have been done. He has no moral misgivings on the subject; he knows that he was right, and he does not hesitate to say so. It was a bold thing for him to do, just as it is a bold thing for a yeggman to break into a safe or for Italy to take Tripoli. The New York Globe backs the achievement of The Colonel to the extent of saying that "if Mr. Roosevelt sinned, President Taft has sinned and is sinning," for holding on to the Panama Strip stolen by The Colonel; that "Congress has sinned and is sinning, for it has appropriated money to improve the property that Mr. Roosevelt stole;" that "the whole country, including the Panamaniacs, have sinned and are sinning, for not one has any notion of advocating the abandonment of the canal project;" and that "the revival of the Panama controversy is thus merely proof that cant is not yet dead."

There is something, a good deal, in that view, certainly; but this is not the way in which diplomatic questions are generally handled. It is not the way the United States dealt with the Hawaiian question when Mr. Harrison stole that country, and it is not the way we have dealt with any of the questions when our Government has taken what did not belong to us. As a matter of fact, we are a dishonest people, and have only followed the example of our neighbors on the other side of the seas who have taken all they could get, the power to keep being the sole measure of their regard for the rights of others. Just the same, however, the theft of the Panama Strip by The Colonel was not an honest thing to do; because what he took by force and arms could have been secured equally well by sale and purchase. The only reparation that can be made now is for the Government at Washington to find out from Colombia what it would regard as a fair price for the Strip and to pay for it, even if it should be necessary to revive the stamp tax upon the business of the country.

BLOOD WILL TELL.

They are still talking about the Richmond Boosters down in the grand old Commonwealth of North Carolina, and their remarkable run through a part of its wonderful domain, and many a time during the winter of content just ahead of us, wherever two or three are gathered together, there will be conversation of an uplifting sort about the men of Richmond and their good purposes in making love to their neighbors. Mr. L. B James, who keeps a hotel at Concord—fine name that!—sends his kindest regards to Mr. William Taft Dabney, who "was a select guest at the St. Charles Hotel, Statesville, N. C., in 1883, when I was proprietor of that hotel." Mr. James also wishes to be remembered kindly to Paul Wails, Tom Adkins, Daisy Chamberlain, the Alfriends, and others, and he adds, speaking of Mr. Alfriend:

"I never met a finer gentleman in all my fifteen years' experience in the hotel business at Raleigh, at Asheville, at Charlotte, at Salisbury and at King's Mountain. It was a noted (Hear, hear, all ye Boosters, and give three times three for the Old North State, the breeding place of great men, and glorious deeds, and other things; hear, hear!) "it was a noted fact that you could tell Virginia people from all other people at these different hotels where I was proprietor and clerk. Fine blood in people is like fine blood in horses—you can tell it wherever you see it. Send me The Times-Dispatch."

When other people think so well of us, surely we should think more of ourselves; but not too much, just enough to keep things moving in our direction by giving as well as by taking, by respecting the wishes and promoting the welfare of our neighbors.

NO WOMEN LAWYERS.

Law Notes reports very interestingly a debate over a bill at the last session of the Georgia Legislature. The measure was one authorizing women to practice law in the State. On August 1 the bill was downed in the House of Representatives The story of the Atlanta Constitution contained the following:

"The tail of the aurora borealis, the clouds, the empyrean blue, poetry from Homer to Austin, William Shakespeare and Portia, Joe Hill Hall's whiskers, and words, words, words, figured mightily in the debate. . . . Every word in the English language was used in paying tributes to women, most of them over and over, and then a large number were borrowed from foreign languages. Metaphor was beaten to a frazzle, simile was worn threadbare, poetry flowed like milk and honey in the heaven described in the Old Testament, and in the end—woman lost by a vote of eighty-five to seventy-seven, the affirmative not constituting a constitutional majority."

That was just like the men, especially the miserable male creatures who compose legislatures. They praise woman to the skies, but when it comes to getting something worth while it is a case of "nothing doing."

After quoting from a woman's letter to him, Joe Hill Hall shouted in debate:

"I appeal to you as Georgians to take no step that will lower the respect and reverence men have for women. Help us to keep our girls at the fireside and let our young mothers raise, by the help of God, boys to speak and vote and live the life they would live if He had made them men; and O, for a Paul to command the women to keep silence and be keepers of homes."

After Mr. Converse, of Lowndes, and the Hon. Mr. Fullbright, of Burke, had said what they thought they thought, Mr. Adams, of Hull, said: "Do you think a woman should be permitted to attend court and see and hear some of the things occurring there?" Brother Fullbright came back and "stung" him with this retort: "I believe the average courthouse should be as decent as any other house." Mr. Speaker Holder said that the State recognized the right of woman to earn a livelihood, and he was unable to see why she should be barred from an honorable profession which she could master. She was "permitted to make a living at the washtub, the sewing machine, in the mill or factory, in the schoolroom and scores of other places," he pointed out.

Some others spoke, but in the end they all went up into the clouds again and the women got nothing, which, however, will not keep the men from getting what is coming to them one of these days.

SAVINGS BANKS ACCOUNTS.

It is often said that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer. At any rate, the report of the Controller of the Currency on savings banks shows plainly that the thrifty are becoming more thrifty. Deposits in the six hundred and thirty-three savings banks noted in the report increased by more than $100,000,000, the number of depositors being approximately 7,500,000. The average deposit is $462, showing that there must be millions of small accounts.

These statistics show what can be done through systematic saving. It is too true that wages in some industrial fields are so low that saving is almost an impossibility, but no one can doubt that much money is spent foolishly that could be saved beneficially.

NOT TRUE.

Dr. J. S. Abbott, Texas State Food Commissioner, started something Tuesday night at the Pure Food Congress in Madison Square when he said that the chief cause for adulterated foodstuffs is the average woman's demand for unnatural or impossible properties in food. He said:

If she did not insist upon a snowy white flour the miller would not bleach it with oxide of nitrogen. I know it is generally believed that the manufacturer adulterates his product for the purpose of cheapening the cost of manufacture, but in many instances this is not the case. He does it to please the taste of the thoughtless and ignorant housewife.

She wants a greeny green pea, and the polite little Frenchman looks about for a paint of some kind that will give the desired color, or for a chemical that will fix the natural green color of the pea, and he finds copper sulphate well adapted for his purpose. She wants her dried fruit to have a sickly faded bleached color in place of a rich golden brown, and this is achieved with the aid of oxides of sulphur. She wants sausage to look red instead of the natural color of the meat, and the butcher paints it with Bismarck brown. She has a faint notion that Blue Points are the finest oysters grown, and hence every oyster reef on the gulf coast soon becomes a Blue Point producer.

The intelligent housewife can do much to stop food adulteration by leaving off her unreasonable demands for such products and getting some correct notions about the manufacture of common food.

Dr. ..bbott is wrong. The commercial canners started this deception, not the women. It originated as a trick to catch trade, and was no invention of women.

THE MOST INTERESTING PLACE.

What is the most interesting place in Richmond? That is not for us to say, but the same question has been asked in Birmingham with regard to that city, and the replies are widely differing. With some exceptions, each man asked the question in the Alabama city by the Age-Herald seemed to find most interesting the spot of his own activity.

The president of the Alabama State Fair thought that that place was most interesting. An officer of a local coal corporation thought the suburban city of Corey was. A well-known realty promoter took the novel view that "there is no more interesting sight than to watch the streams of thirsty humanity that have flocked to the saloons." An Associated Press operator claimed that his office was the most absorbing place in the city, because there he learned all the little secrets of life. A city detective selected police department headquarters, for there he learns the habits and caprices of th law's visitors. The president of the Chamber of Commerce thought it was the most interesting place. The county treasurer selected the office of the county tax collector, because there "the work is so pretty; it is such a splendid place to meet all of your friends." A clothier said the whole city was so interesting to him that he could single out no especial place. Another named the City Hall, another a city park, while a third made this comment as to the place he thought the most interesting:

"The commissioners' office in the City Hall (Birmingham is under the commission form of government). There human shipwrecks, in utter despondency, drift for succor and aid from a beneficent city government. To see a commissioner, with the stroke of a pen, gladden a human heart with some act of kindness, freeing from prison a wayward lad, at the earnest, heart-rending supplication of a parent; giving a cripple permission to earn a livelihood without paying the city; giving to an earnest, unselfish minister of the various new creeds permission to handle tent meetings or other special propositions within the city; doing sundry things for men with no possible pull or claim, out of the goodness of a patient soul."

The last man interviewed thought the most interesting place in Birmingham a hill whence the city can be seen in the distance. Some people might take that to mean something uncomplimentary, but everybody leaves Birmingham in sorrow and anguish, for there the people are fine, the water is fine, the Country Club is wonderful, and one of the cafes is good enough to be in New Orleans.

A GOOD CHANCE IN LITTLE RHODY.

Very wisely have the Democrats of Rhode Island renominated Lewis A. Waterman for the governorship. He is the aggressive political youngster who last year came within five hundred and forty votes of being elected Governor. He has been put at the head of a ticket on which are four other young men, and they will go with him on a tour of the State and speak in all places. In the platform are planks favoring the direct election of United States Senators by the people, a Federal income tax and a reasonable regulation of the trusts, while in the same document President Taft is condemned for his vetoes of recent tariff legislation.

The platform, in the opinion of the Boston Globe, is much more progressive than any that the Rhode Island Republicans can be expected to indorse. The campaign will make the Republicans stand out sharply as standpatters, while the Democrats will be on advanced ground. The chances for Waterman are bright, and he should be able to put Pothier to flight.

THE POET OF CHILDHOOD.

Friday was a great day in Indianapolis. It was the anniversary of the birth of that fine personality and exquisite genius, James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet. Mr. Riley was at home—he has been sick for many weary weeks now, but his friends, the children, about whom he has written so tenderly, remembered him. In the Indianapolis public schools as well as in many others of the State appropriate exercises were held and poems were recited in honor of the author of "That Old Sweetheart of Mine." Mr. Riley was much touched by this affection for him, and he wrote this letter to the school children:

"You are conspirators—every one of you, that's what you are. You have conspired to inform the general public of my birthday, and I am already so old that I want to forget all about it. But I will be magnanimous and forgive you, for I know that your intentions are really friendly, and to have such friends as you are makes me not care how old I am.

"In fact, it makes me so glad and happy that I feel as absolutely young and spry as a very school boy—even as one of you—and to all intents I am.

"Therefore let me be with you throughout the long, lovely day and share your mingled joys and blessings with your parents and your teachers, and, in the words of Little Tim Cratchit, 'God bless you every one.'"

Strange to say, nobody knows just how old Mr. Riley is. He likes to be thought young, and he will answer no questions as to the number of years he has piled up. However old he is, all the lovers of his homely and tender songs will join in wishing him a speedy return to good health and a hundred years more of good cheer.

"Like one blind or demented," "a malicious and damnable falsehood," "cowardly cur dog of Lunenburg county"—no, dear readers, this was not the Colonel presiding at an initiation of the Ananias Club, but the Editor of the Lunenburg Tribune talking about a late candidate in his bailiwick.

Lola LaFollette is to marry a playwright—that is, if papa doesn't invoke the recall.

President Henry Fairfax should arrange for a grand parade of the Richmond Boosters on one day of the State Fair—the Boosters in their travel-worn clothes—just to show the people of the State how they looked when they were climbing the heights of Lynchburg and doing the proper thing in Roanoke. It would be worth twice the price of admission to see how the youngsters and the oldsters marched for Richmond and the State on their record-breaking trip after more new friends for this great town.

President Taft was scheduled to spend a part of his Sunday yesterday above the clouds on Mount Rainier, and if he went up high enough he must have found what a pleasant place has been reserved for all good Democrats after they get through worrying with the Republicans here below. Several days ago, Mr. Taft made a voyage on the Great Salt Lake, and that must have given him a foretaste of what is coming to him and his party next year. Going all these gaits, the President ought to be prepared for almost anything that shall happen.

A Denver woman told a court that her husband was so homely that she "just couldn't live with him." "Get out of here. Ugly men make the best husbands in the world," said the Judge, and a majority will sustain him.

Daily Queries and Answers

Cost of American Wars.

Please state the number of men engaged, cost, etc., of the various wars we have had, beginning with and including the Revolution. T. N.

In the Revolution we used 231,771 regulars and 164,087 militia and volunteers, against England's 150,605, yet it cost us $370,000,000 and $70,000,000 in pensions.

In the War of 1812 we had 56,032 regulars and 471,622 militia, against the English and Canadian forces of only about 55,000 men. That war costs us $82,627,000 and $45,808,676 in pensions.

In the Mexican War 31,024 regulars and 73,532 militia were required to conquer about 46,000 Mexicans, at a cost of $88,500,208, and the pensions have amounted to $43,966,768.

In the Civil War the United States employed no less than 67,000 regulars and 2,605,341 militia and volunteers to defeat about 1,000,000 Confederates. The numbers employed by the Confederacy have been variously estimated from 700,000 to 1,500,000. The war cost the fabulous sum of $5,371,079,748, and $3,887,488,171 have already been paid in pensions, and we are a long way from the end yet.

The Spanish-American War compelled us to use 58,688 regulars and 223,235 militia or volunteers to subdue 200,000 Spaniards at a cost of $31,833,254; while 76,416 regulars and 50,052 volunteers were used in the Philippines at a cost of $171,326,572 and $30,191,725 have already been paid in pensions for them both.

"The Loreley."

Can you tell me who the author is of the story called "Loreley"? Seeling was the composer of "Loreley," the piano solo. Would like to read the story. Also, where could I get a copy of the story. N. J. N.

Your question is rather misleading. It would appear that you are under the impression that there is a recent book called the "Loreley." We have never heard of such a book. Heinrich Heine wrote the poem "Lorelei." The story of the Lorelei, a folk legend, was worked over by Clemens Brentano, who in 1802 wrote a tale regarding the Rhine enchantress. The Lorelei or Lurlei rock rises between St. Goar and Oberwesel, 430 feet above the Rhine.

John Law, Financier.

Will you please give an account of John Law, financier, who was connected with the finances of France at one time. What period in French history this occurred. I am at loss to state. J. L.

John Law was born in Edinburgh, April, 1671, and died in Venice, March 21, 1729. He was a celebrated financier and projector of commercial schemes, the son of a goldsmith and banker. In April, 1694, he killed "Beau" Wilson in a duel in London and was condemned to death, but escaped to the Continent, where for a time he led a roving life, largely that of a gambler, at the same time endeavoring to secure the adoption by various governments of his banking and other financial schemes, especially of his plans for the issue of paper money, of which he was an earnest advocate.

In May, 1716, he with others, founded the Banque Esmerale, and succeeded in carrying out with success his views with regard to paper currency, his notes being accepted in payment of taxes, and commanding a premium over specie. Soon after this he acquired from the French government control of the territory then called "Louisiana" for colonization and trade, the "Compagnie d'Occident" being incorporated for this purpose in 1717; an enterprise which became famous under the name of "The Mississippi Scheme," or "The System." This company soon absorbed the East India and China Companies (being thereafter known as the "Campagnie des Indes"), the African Company, the mint and the power of receivers-general, thus becoming supreme both in the American and Asiatic commerce of France and in its internal financial affairs. Meanwhile, in 1718, the "Banque Generale" had been transformed into the "Banque Royale," with Law as director-general, and its notes guaranteed by the King. On January 5, 1720, Law was made controller-general of finance, and on February 23 the company and the bank were combined. For a while the "system" prospered, fortunes were made in speculation, and Law possessed great power; but the over issue of paper money and the hostile action of the government brought on the catastrophe, and in May, 1720, the "system" collapsed. Law was driven from France and his estates were confiscated. In December, 1720, however, he was invited by the Czar Peter to take charge of the finances of Russia, but declined. Later, in 1721, he returned to England, remaining there until 1725, when he went to Italy.

ONE OF SHOW PLACES OF UNITED KINGDOM

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

GOPSAL, where King George is spending the week with Earl Howe, lord chamberlain to his mother, Queen Alexandra, is one of the show places of the United Kingdom. It came into the possession of his family through marriage. Its original owner was a Birmingham ironmaster of the name of Charles Jennings, whose principal title to fame is that he was the friend and patron of Handel, who spent much of his time as the guest of Jennings at Gopsal, where he wrote "The Messiah," and "Israel in Egypt," many of his original scores being preserved in the library at Gopsal.

Jennings, on account of the splendor of his establishment and of his equipages, and perhaps, too, by his love of ostentation, used to be known as "Solomon the Magnificent," and while he rendered an immense service to music and literature by his munificent patronage of Handel, and by his formation of the superb collection of rare Shakespeare folios, (which were brought under the hammer in 1907,) he rendered himself somewhat ridiculous by publishing towards the close of his life, an edition of some of Shakespeare's plays, on a plan of his own.

It was Jennings who built Gopsal House, in its present form, about 160 years ago, on the site of a medieval castle which had belonged to the Curzon family in the twelfth and thirteenth century, but which had passed out of their possession.

Jennings died without issue, and without leaving any will. It seems that a few days before his death, at the age of ninety-seven, he drove down to his lawyer's office for the express purpose of signing his will, but on reaching there, found that he had left his spectacles at home, so put off the matter until a later date, being meanwhile overtaken by the Grim Destroyer.

His entire property, including Gopsal House, with all its literary and musical treasures, as well as his enormous fortune, went in consequence thereof to his niece Esther, daughter of his only sister, Elizabeth, and of her husband, William Hanmer, of Flintshire.

Esther Hanmer married the first Viscount Curzon, whose great-grandfather, Sir Nathaniel Curzon, had married Sarah, daughter of William Penn, a cousin and namesake of the founder of Pennsylvania, and it is in this way that Penn Manor, in Buckinghamshire, the ancestral home of the Penn family, is to-day in the possession of Lord Howe. Bordering on the Penn Manor estate is the Quakers' burial ground, known as Jordans, in which repose the ashes of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, and his two wives.

By this marriage of Esther Hanmer with the first Viscount Curzon, their lineal descendant, the present Earl Howe and Viscount Curzon, is also master of Gopsal and of the great Jennings fortune to-day.

Lord Howe, who is an uncle of the Dukes of Marlborough and of Roxburghe, as well as of Winston Churchill, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, through his marriage with the late Lady Georgiana Spencer Churchill, bears a title that is not altogether unknown in this country. For the third Viscount Howe served as brigadier-general in the American War of Independence, and fell at Ticonderoga. His brother, the fourth viscount, was the celebrated admiral, who received an earldom for his naval victory, while the third brother, William, the fifth viscount, had chief command of the British forces in America from 1776 to 1778, after having taken part in most of the battles of the War of Independence.

All these three brothers were grandsons of George I., their mother, the wife of the second Viscount Howe, having been a natural daughter of that monarch by the Hanoverian Countess Kielmansegg, whom he created a British peeress, with the title of Countess Darlington, and of whom Thomas Carlyle and Thackeray drew such very unflattering portraits.

Neither the third nor the fifth viscount left any children, while the fourth viscount, namely, the admiral, left no son, but several daughters, the eldest of whom, Sophia, inherited his Barony of Howe, but not his earldom which became extinct.

Sophia married Penn Curzon, the son of that first Viscount Curzon, who by his union with old Jennings's niece and heiress had become the owner of Gopsal House.

The son of Sophia, Baroness Howe, and of her husband the Hon. Penn Curzon, inherited his paternal grandfather's Viscounty of Curzon, his mother's Barony of Howe, and was created Earl Howe by George IV. on the occasion of his coronation. He was famous as one of the very handsomest men of his day, and occupied the post of chamberlain and lord in waiting to Queen Adelaide, consort of William IV., until her death.

There is no vestige of truth in the stories frequently printed, according to which he secretly married Queen Adelaide, after the death of the King. For his first wife, a daughter of the sixth Earl Cadogan, died in 1836; and not long afterwards, several years before Queen Adelaide's demise, he contracted a second marriage with the daughter of Admiral Sir John Gore. Queen Adelaide being present at the wedding. He left a whole tribe of children, some fourteen or fifteen in number, and the present Earl Howe is his grandson.

No mention of Lord Howe, (who is persona gratissima at court and with all the royal family) would be complete without mention of the fact that, like most of the members of the House of Lords, he has been obliged to defend some of his honors against the attacks of claimants thereto. One of these claims was of the most extraordinary, not to say romantic description, the plaintiff being a man of the name of George Willis. He based his pretensions on the plea that Sophia, Baroness Howe, who married the Hon. Penn Curzon, was not really the mother of the first Earl Howe of the present creation. She is recorded in the "Peerages" and works of reference as having had two sons: George, who died in infancy and Richard, who became first Lord Howe. According to the contention of the claimant, this son Richard was in reality a suppositious child, and the offspring of one Anne Oates, a spinster, and was a child who had been acquired for the purpose of retaining the property in the family. Consequently, it was claimed, he had no right to succeed to the Gopsal estates, or to the Viscounty of Curzon, or to the Barony of Howe. The claimant's own position in the matter was as one of the heirs of old Jennings, the Birmingham ironmaster, and creator of Gopsal.

Needless to add that the suit was thrown out of court. Furthermore, the claimant having published advertisements in the London papers, to the effect that the first Earl Howe was not the son of Sophia, Baroness Howe, and of the Hon. Penn Curzon, an injunction was issued against any further circulation of such misstatements, which were judicially described as libelous.

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Voice of the People

Long Hours.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Can't the Legislature pass a law prohibiting employers from working their hands, or whoever is employed, fourteen and fifteen hours a day on a stretch of three and four weeks at a time? It is inhumane, and it is done for gain. No man can stand it. Why is it allowed?

MRS. PETTYJOHN.

Richmond.